KINDNESS AS AN ART

Mrs. Frank Leslie Suggests Social Revolution.

NEW CUSTOMS FROM OLD

She Fellow Feeling That Preserves Golden Silence---Serrows More Cruel Than Death.



DON'T know any circumstance social life so "trying to men's sonis" on both stiles as the circumstance demanding sympathy. Death is bad enough, but it is by no means the worst. Most of us have been through that dark and terrible hour. when that which seemed our all has been last away from our sight and from among men, and our friends have come dressed in somber clothes, and with somber and set countenances have one by one insisted upon laying bare the wound we would fam hide under our mourning garb and expressing more or less crudely, more or less delicately, the sympathy of which they have come to assure us. It is a social necessity that they should come. We should feel surprised and elighted if they did not, and we do not dream of shirking the painful duty either of receiving or of paying visits of condolence, and yet I often wonder if it would not be well to induce a social revolution wherein this and several other time honored customs should be swept away.

Time honored indeed, for speaking of this matter the other day to a friend I was told that when Job fell into affiction his three friends at once made an appointment to meet and make a collective call of condolence. But-and here please observe the superiority of discretion in the days of Job compared with curs-having arrived with Job they sat down aron the ground and for seven days and nights nobody spoke a word! Now, we don't have time in this era to sit in silence seven days and nights in the presence of our friends, but I often think if our custom was to go and sit seven migutes, more or less, beside our friend and then go away with a mute curess or class of the hand, how much better it would be than to try to say semething, and that generally the wrong thing I shall never forget a dear little unconventional widow whom I went to see just after the sudden and shocking death of her young husband.
It was so good of you to come; but,

ch don't say a word-not one word!" gasped she, and I almost literally com-

Ves, bereavement is bad enough, and to very few, if to any, is it given to speak the words of comfort or reassurance. But there are sorrows far more cruel than death; there are bereavements sudden and more hopeless than those of the grave, and it is in these that sympathy thes indeed despuir of fitly expressing itself, even by sitting silent seven days and nights in its presence.

A men in some prominent position of trust becomes a definiter and runs away, leaving his wife and family to bear the shame and notoriety of his crime, perhaps leaving them in poverty and dent as well, for very few criminals poment but one kind of sin. A defaulter is usually intensely selfish and considers his own desires so exclusively that he not make appropriates moneys not his own, but his neighbor's wife as well, and is atterly callous as to the suffering of all seems as which be considents the woman lawfully his own.

Now, what sympathy can one express. to each a monrhor as that wife? What sears would seem other than presumptuents and intrinave to such bereavement? And yet we all do feel sorry for her, we all do long to let her know it and to sumfact her.

Some of me who have struggled in deep waters ourselves sorthic from the attempt and contrive some other mode of showing the true sympathy we feel, and yet there is great so deeply dyed with sharps that positively no notice should be taken of it-even a box of flowers. sweet a new book or a card, would serve to hast at conditioned too strongly, and we remember that though speech is alvery minne is often golden.

But yet again there are griefs even deeper and there sensitive than that of the last ted and deserted wife; there is on agony of sharps not to be shifted to other shoulders than one's very own; there is a bereavement known to all the world and yet which the sufferer would fain bale from even her own eves, and there is when a moman has too resultly. pielded up her affections to one who simply annued himself with her easy cre-bility, and when her devotion began to pall "he kissed and referaway." Every one in her little world knows the whole story. The malicions whisper "Well, the threw herself at his head. What could she expect?" The kinder hearted ones therman Poor thing! I was afraid he didn't mean anything. And the sharphet sting of her mortification is that she brows that they all know and are sonraing at her or pitring her. Still she can bear it so long as nobesty says anything. but they well

There are sure to be at least two or three well messing fools who want "to express their sympathy," who in fact inmist upon duting so in spite of all the

wriggles and pantings of their victim -as helpless as a free under a crutched stick, with a resul buy at the other and, or, been appropriately, a free in the chatches of a vivisationist, who is determined to lestopen the throbbings of poor freggie's beart' in the interests of humanity! This otherer beies ber time. She waite

into a victoria or a buggy where no interruption is possible, and then she be-gins: "My dear child, I want to tell you how dreadfully sorry I am for your di-appointment, but how carre you to sup-pose Mr. Smith was serious in his atten-tions? Tell me all about it, dear. It will comfort your poor heart to speak out. Did the man over really ask you to marry him? And so on until the deserted damsel is ready to fling herself out of the vehicle under the horse's feet and feels that the loss of her lover is as nothing compared with the shame of be-

ing pitied and sympathized with. Or take the case of a man who has been horsewhipped or kicked or slapped in the face by another man stronger and bigger and therefore braver than him-self. He doesn't want to know that his friends are sarry for him! He would much rather be suffered to imagine that they hadn't heard of it, and yet there are plenty of thick skinned idiots who will n the first opportunity rush up to him with outstretched hand:

"My dear fellow, I want to tell you bow indignant I am at the way that brate treated you! Fairly kicked you down the steps of the clubbonse, they tell met Just like these great hulking beasts who think, because they are big and strong, a little fellow like you or me must give in to all their insolence!"

Probably the man thus apostrophized at once measures the other "little fellow" with his eye and mentally decides that he can thrush him at least and will do so on the first opportunity.

Among my acquaintances on one side or the other of the water I am proud to include a buly whose father was hung. and justly so, for marder. Of course the most of her friends painfully avoided any subject within rifle shot of the subject, but I heard that more than one well menning person had attempted to sympathize with her and thereby nearly grove the poor woman to madness.

Or think of a mother whose son has committed some shameful crime and is either a fugitive from justice or is suffering her penalties. Fancy only sympathy, even the most delicate being anything but an offense to such a sufferer. In fact, there is no love upon whose death it is not safer to count than upon that of a mother. It is positively indestructible. and I have never found any other class of love to which that word would apply. Certainly some wives have loved some husbands, some maidens have loved some lovers, some women have loved some men "not wisely, but too well," through good report and ill, through fortune and misfortune, cruelty and kindness, faithfulness and unfaithfulness, even to the bitter end, but this unreasoning constancy cannot be predicted of wives or fiancees or mistresses as a rule. Much

depends upon the individual. But in the case of mothers it is the rule, especially as regards her sons. The bad boy may develop into the unmitigated scamp, the profligate, the villain, the jailbird, but though she may be driven to discard him, to banish him from her sight, to declare that she no longer calls him son, there is always at the core of her heart an undying flame of love, a divine forgiveness and pity and longing that she could not if she would quench or destroy. Let the sinner but reach his mother's feet, let him never so clumstly plead, "Mother, I have sinnedch, forgive me!" and his pardon is assured. Even though ber judgment, her reason, her conscience, sternly condemn him, that mother love of lers will rise up and drown them all in the torrent of its deathless force.

In the Scripture story it is set forth as a memorable thing that the father of the prodigal son forgave him. It is not even mentioned that his mother did, for, not to be irreverent, "that goes without saying." Doubtless she had forgiven him long before he set out for home and indeed it is probable enough that it was the telepathy of her love and forgiveness that induced him to relinquish his foul living and return.

Well then is it not obvious that with such love as this in the background no mother will patiently accept sympathy for her son's mis leeds? It will only anger her and rouse her to defend him even though no defense be possible. If she is a womanish sort of woman, she will probably adopt the "tu quoque" form of resentment and say: "Yes, I know Harry has done a foolish thing, but it arose entirely from his desire to help and shield a friend. You must remember all young men are not like your John, always considering what is best for his own inter-

If she is not womanish, but womanly, the best you can expect is, "Thank you, but this is a subject upon which I do not

I was once speaking with a lady in Landon whose son had just been pursued and brought back from the continent under a charge of aggravated breach of trust when another lady came up and took her hand with a marmur of "Dear Mrs. Blank, I want to tell you how sorry 1 am"- "What! You have heard of it sirendy?" exclaimed Mrs. Blank, with a smile like the flash of a bayonet. Then half turning to me she continued: "I have lost my concluman, you know. Actually the poor fellow dropped dead in the stables tors morning, and I am perfeetly heartbroken. The best old soul that ever held a winp. He was my father's coachman and actually put me on the first pony I ever rode. But I san't think how you heard of it so wen, my dear, except that I believe you make it a point to gather every but of news that is stirring, don't you?" And with this near little blow in the face Mrs. Hlank sailed away, leaving her would be

sympathizer gasping. But there is no peed of swelling the Hat of cases where the truest sympathy is expressed by apparent ignorance of any cause for sympathy. Every person. of delicacy or a sensitive organization will recognize such cases for themselves, and to those who are not delicate and sensitive in their own personality no amount of teaching will effect the object. You cannot train a rhinocerow into a thin skinned Arab steed, nor a coctus into a sensitive plant. Most people and most things die very much what they are been, and the clumsy sympathizers no doubt will exist when the world ceases, just as it did when it began to be.

But there are cases, and plenty of them, where true and tender sympathy is like the very dew of heaven upon the parched and drooping flowers. are tender sonls that long for sympathy, just as a little child holds up its hurt finger for every one to "kiss and make well." To such persons, and to sorrow of the ordinary outspoken sort, with no tinge of shame about it, lot us give sympathy with a free and generous hand, be still a marries | But, above all be to the right bind

of sympathy. It is in many cases, if not in all, more blessed to give than to receive, and this applies to gifts of sympa-thy quite as much as to more tangible

I once knew a lady who said she had sen to church all her life, but had not been able to acquire grace sufficient to enjoy being pitted by anybody for any-tuing. Of course this was pride, and pride is naughty, but very universal tometimes it takes the form of amour propre, which is something a little dif-ferent from self love, although that is the only English equivalent for the phrase. But amour propre is a very deli-cate thing to handle. Sometimes it is burt by being touched; sometimes it is still more hurt by being let alone; sometimes such a person as this wants to be sympathized with, and yet is irritably vatchful lest the sympathy they de-mand should seem to place them at fault for their misfortune.

You say to such a one, "How could you trust that man when every one said he was dishonest?" and the sufferer nearly flies in your face with the assertion that she is no more credulous than other

people: but, etc. It is, in one word, a very dangerous and delicate matter either to give or receive sympathy, and all I can say is, remember, like fire, water and gunpowder, it is a good thing so long as you know how to manage it, but if you don't-for heaven's aske, let it slope

MY SOMETIME SWEETHEART.

I do not know what her name may be, but sure as the skies are him above, mowhere in the world she waits for me-Sie who will one day be my lave.

Now, this moment perhaps she wonders.

Who is here in the lonesome lands,
to the other side of the sea that sunders.

Our eyes, and our lips, and our hearts, and

but there is a place where the waters narrow; There is a point where the margins meet; And in the morning of some glad morrow We shall press the isthmus with fated feet. Though site ke with a thousand I will know her, I now can I fail to find her when wlay my heart to my thought can show her, As she must be now—as she will be then?

And she is as fair as the fairest fair; She is as true as tha truest truth; ure as purity—hely as prayer— Her heart kept fresh in the faith of youth. Tith a sunny sayety ever sheening. In eyes that can sparkle with wildest fun-

Creoler to tears and earnest meaning When tears are timely and laughter done I pray to meet her with soul unsulfied As bers will be with a beart untern Like a fallow field, all gashed and guilted, Where passion's torrents their ways have

worn.

Can I faiter and fall beyond retrieval,
With the thought of my lady to deter,
Whon all that is base and impure and cvil
Goes out of my heart when I think of her?

My dream sweetheart! for in dreams I see her And hear the sweep of her dainty dress, While a fair arm falls with a furtive fear I feel her breath as she bends above me: I catch the cleam of her dark, sweet eyes, And I long for the time when, with her to love

Earth will be fairer than paradiee!
—Chicago inter Ocean.

ONE WAS LOADED.

During the reign of Louis XVIII a young English nobleman, George Lord Hardinge, visited Paris for pleasure, taki at with him his sister and a few servants. He took longings at one of the principal hotels, and being a gay, extowns ant young bachelor soon entered

into a whirl of giddy dissipations. Lady Emily, his sister, was only 18pretty, amiable and inexperienced-and should have been under the care of a very different person from her brother, who for weeks gave little heed to anything except his own follies, leaving her much of the time alone or to such company as chance threw in her way.

Among other reprehensible things Lord Hardinge had become passionately fond of the gaming table.

Of course the young lord soon became an object of special regard to the habitues the place, who fancied they saw in him one of the means or chances of increasing their fortunes.

Among others who would have needed an influential voncher to have brought him into first class society in England was one Jean Vauldenar, who claimed to have been a cavalry officer under Napoleon and was generally known by the title of "monsieur the captain."

The gay and thoughtless Englishman permitted the cunning fellow to worm himself into his good graces—to play, rink and carouse with him-and occasionally go home and spend the night with him at his hotel.

In this way monsiour the captain first et a glimpse of Lady Emily, and shortly fier, at his request, an introduction to Ler by the careioss brother.

This was exactly what the gamester wanted, and he at once set all his wits to work to win the unoccupied heart of the lady, and if possible make his fortune out of the affair. The captain was to reality a married man.

He did not go too far at once, for the gamester, as all professional gamesters are, was an adept in human nature. For the first he sought only to excite a certain degree of interest, then sympathy and then compassion, well knowing that if he could succeed to this extent the inexperienced girl would soon be in has ower, like clay in the hands of the potter, to be molded to whatever evil purposs he might desire.

At last the critical moment came. By egrees he had won her regard, her symjethy and her affections, and one evenwhen he believed the brother at the running table, as usual, he took occasion, if by an irresistible impulse, to pour into her willing our his false love.

Lady Emily listened as one bewildered if not entranced. He saw his power ever her, and his dark soul exulted in the fact. He took her hand with trembling eagerness, pressed it, kissed it, rese gradually from his knees, glided his arm around her slender waist, drew ber fondly to him and put his foul lips to

At this moment the door of the spartment was dashed open, and white with age Lord Hardings was seen adversing with long and rapid strides. The in stant he reached the gamester he seized him by the throat, buried him back and struck him to the ground.

Vanidemer slowly rose to his feet, his most malignant hote, and for a few moments as he gazed upon the young noliterane, who was now giving his whole attention to his unconscious sister, he appeared to be debuting with himself whether he should kill him on the spot

that will be equally sure a few hour-filter and leave me untuinted with grime." And with this be quitted the spartment at a word to Lord Hardi

was at least half an hour be Emily was so far restored as to member what had taken place, and the in great trepidation, she demanded meaning of the fearful scene. Lord Hardings thrust a crumpled note into the hand of Lady Emily, which read

Schon of a noble home. Inwared Go less to the gausing table and look more at home. A designing villain known as monatour the cap-talt is now secretly paying court to your inne-cent sixter, while his own wife is pining in soli-tude for want of the necessities and courtestes of life. Make due inquiries and set a watch, and you will prove the truth of this sintement, pensed by

As Ungnown Framp. "His wife?" almost shricked Lady Ba-

"We must leave Paris at once?" said

"Yes, yes; at once!" cried Lady Emily in great excitement; "before this villain, as I now believe him to be, can do you personal harm."

At this moment the valet of the nobleman appeared and whispered something "I will be down directly," was the an

swer of the master, turning a shade paler.
"What is it, George?" eagerly demandod his nister. "Only a gentleman to see me on a

"Oh, you must not fight with that base man!" cried Lady Emily, at once divining the fearful secret, "for you will be killed, and I shall be left without a pro-

"Have no fear!" was the evasive answer of Lord Hardinge as he hurriedly

quitted the apartment. As he expected, he received a formal challenge from M. Vaultemer, demanding satisfaction for the insult of a blow, the note explicitly stating that no apology would be received.

The nobleman at once declared his readinese to meet his adversary, but not in the ordinary way. He immediately sent for an English officer of his acquaintance, Major Bassett, of the -th light infantry, and their conference resulted in the decision to give the Frenchman a meeting, provided he should accede to the terms and conditions which the challenged party claimed the right to propose.

As monsieur the captain was known to be a dead shot who had already killed neveral antagonists, and as Lord Hardingo had never fired a pistol a half dozen times in his life, these terms and conditions accordingly were that the parties should meet on the following morning at 8 o'clock at a place designated in the Bois du Boulogne; that two dueling pistols should be then and there selected by the seconds, and one, and only one, of these be loaded; that these pistols should then be effectually concealed under a handkerchief and be drawn by the principals according to lot, and that when so drawn each should be placed to the breast of the other and both triggers pulled at

"We shall see," said Major Bassett, with a grim smile, "if this redoubtable here will have the courage to fight with an equal chance against him."

Somewhat contrary to his expectations, arrangement, and Lord Hardinge spent most of the night in making his will and giving his friend instructions to be carried out in case of his fall.

At the appointed time all the different parties appeared upon the ground, the nobleman with the solemnity due to an eccasion involving list and death, but Vauldemar with the nonchalance, either real or assumed, of one who believed himself the favored son of fate.

The lot fell to monsiour the captain to draw the first pistol, and as he weighed them both with his hand before determining his choice he remarked with a sarcastic smile:

'If I can't tell by the weight which has the ball for the heart of this accursed Englishman, I deserve to die." Immediately after he drew his pistol and added, "I have it now-all right!"

"God shall judge between us," said Lord Hardinge solemnly as he lifted the remaining weapon. The principals were now placed face

to face only three feet apart, and the seconds took leave of them with tremulons agitation. Immediately after came the dreadful

words "Are you ready, gentlemen? Fire!" Both triggers were pulled together. There was only one explosion, and monsieur the captain fell dead without a

word, shot through the heart. This singular duel is no fiction. Only the names of the parties have been changed. - Exchange.

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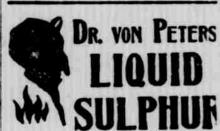
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